its present size. Also it was native. Now it is half-caste, Chinese or white ; now it clusters about the motor-road; now the wall of the Garden is broken down and the angels have sheathed their swords.

Of such great valleys the first is, undoubtedly, that of Papenoo. We have been lingering at Arue, but, taking to the road again, we are heading direct for Papenoo. There is, first, the only hill of any size up which a road runs in the island to be negotiated, a steep ascent from the top of which you can turn back and view as fair a prospect as the heart of man can devise. Below you the coconut woods are cleared about a small native house of the old style, the sea foams in the teeth of the coral, and, a cloud on the horizon, Moorea swims at her lovely ease. Inland there is the vast sweep of the mountains which we are going this day to attempt to penetrate, and,

far out in the middle distance, a pencil of low land on guard before Papeete herself.

But climb this hill of Haapape. Beyond, on the left now, Point Venus can be seen. A few kilometres further on there is a branch road leading